

Some Things Never Change Part 1 of 2

by HollyLeery

Category: Dawson's Creek

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-16 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-16 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:24:07

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,421

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: This is a DawsonJoey story from Dawson's POV. It takes place four months after she sails away with Pacey.

Some Things Never Change Part 1 of 2

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Some Things Never Change

Part 1/1

By: Holly Ann Leighton

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Disclaimer: I do not own anything of Dawson's Creek or the song "Some Things Never Change" by Tim McGraw.

Rating: PG-13

Category: D/J

Distribution: CDCFFA, the CP site, Capeside Diaries, AdultCreekFic Archive, Fanfiction.net and my own personal site. Anywhere else, please ask *nicely* and ye shall receive.

Special Thanks: Daizy Lee for beta reading this, giving me advice, feedback, fixing mistakes, and over all critiquing.

Dedication: Ines, Rachel, and Candy Cane- the most dedicated D/J fans that I know. :)

Summary: This is from Dawson's POV about his life and his feelings for Joey. It takes place 4 months after Joey leaves Capeside w/ Pacey on True Love.

*Note: I did this story because I've been watching Season 2 so much and have missed D/J together. This story may seem more like another couple at firstâ€|but just bear with me and keep reading till the end. *

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After all this time I still miss you everyday

> This same world spins round
 I guess some things never change

>
 Sometimes I go out but it never feels the same

> I still look for you
 Baby, some things never change

>
 When I said I'd love you for eternity

> I just never knew how true those words would be

> Just an old love song, just the mention of your name
 My heart breaks in two again

> I guess some things never change

> Maybe someday someone else will set me free
 Until then I'll live with your love's legacy

>
 And I'll keep holding on, hoping you'll come back someday

> You can rest assured
 Baby, some things never change

>
 I still love you

-"Some Things Never Change"

By Tim McGraw

> <p> —

Four months. That's how long it's been since I've seen or heard from Joey. I have to admit, it's been a difficult road to travel down, but somehow with the assistance of Jen, Jack, and Andie, I've been moving past everything, at least that's what I thought had been happening over the past months. I never had any chance to wallow or feel sorry for myself after Joey left, because none of my friends would have it. In some ways, that was good, but in others, I think it might have been worse for me. I didn't get my chance to grieve or do all of the rituals that others do when their hearts get broken. Then again I had been through it all twice before, so a third time wasn't really needed. I think everyone was surprised at how I wasn't fuming at all about Joey. I know I should have been angry, but I couldn't be. I felt rejected, dreary, and betrayed, but anger didn't play much of a factor for me. I know that I'm capable of feeling that way with her, because it's happened before, but it wasn't like that this past time. I knew that if she didn't go and explore what she could have with Pacey, it would be a painful topic between us forever whether as friends or more. I couldn't let that happen though, because being the eternal optimist that I am, I had to believe that letting her go, would ultimately bring her back to me if we actually belonged together. That's what I thought at the time she left, which was four months ago, but now I'm not sure what I think.

In any case, things around Capeside have been improving gradually and returning back to normalâ€|well, as normal as they can be without Pacey or Joey around. My parents came back from their honeymoon refreshed and elated. My mom moved back into the house and things between them are like old times, which means the coffee table is getting a lot of use, so they're happy, which is the most important thing. I have been keeping myself occupied nonstop lately. I've been working at the restaurant, picking up Pacey's shifts at the video store, and working on a theater project with Andie.

I think out of everyone in the group, Andie and I have been getting along the best. I'm not sure if it's because we had our mutual heartbreak to deal with or what exactly, but the two of us have been hanging out together all the time. The interesting thing is that in all the time that I have known Andie, I have never thought of her in the romantic sense. That is, until I had the chance to get to know her and spend so much time with her. I'm not sure what it was that got me to start wanting to see her romantically, but we had been having so much fun together and she helped me forget about Joey. I started developing these feelings for her that were more than the friendly type. I never thought for a second that I was trying to use her for any particular reason. I mean, true I was feeling lonely and I liked being around someone that wanted to be around me, but who doesn't like some attention? I took things really slow this time; I didn't want to mess up and make the same mistakes that I had with Joey. But the thing was, was that with Andie things were less complicated. Andie and I don't have the history that Joey and I did and it worked to our advantage.

About a month ago, I finally asked Andie to go out with me to the Rialto's new theater, meaning just the two of us. Up until this time, she never gave a real indication that she thought of me as more than a friend, but I figured that is was time that I explore some new possibilities and take a chance on trying something different. She looked shocked but recovered quickly and flashed me that breathtaking smile of hers and said she would. I wasn't really sure if she knew I was asking her on a date or not, but I figured we would figure that all out eventually. For those three weeks after that, we went out almost every night. We grew closer and shared so many things with each other that I really felt like things between us were going well. We never did more than kiss a couple of times. It was harder than I thought to get physical with her after the heartbreak of Joey and Andie understood that, so we took things slow and it worked. Then something happened last week that changed everything that I had worked out for my life.

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The night started off really great. Andie and I had decided to go out to the blues club again for old time's sake and hang out. Despite our pact never to drink again, we decided on some rum and cokes for enjoyment. We wanted to loosen up, have a good time and since we weren't in danger of any parents catching us and we weren't driving home; we were all set to get drunk. The more we drank the more the sexual tension between Andie and I began to surface. Now I knew this was bound to happen and I was looking forward to it, I mean we were two teenagers in a relationship, something like this was going to come up, so I wasn't too worried about it. Maybe that's why I decided to drink or maybe I was feeling lonely without even realizing it, but something was happening and I thought I was dealing with it well. I guess that maybe I wasn't as well as I thought.

So, Andie and I were pretty wasted and dancing on the floor together. It was a slow dance and we started talking about sex, specifically about us having sex. We started kissing pretty heavily and as she pulled away to take a breath, she said-

"Dawson, since your parents aren't home, how about we go back to your house?"

"I think that's a great idea, Joey."

The sentence came out of my mouth with such ease that I didn't realize I had messed up until I looked up into Andie's face and saw the hurt registered across it. The alcohol was making everything blurry, but I could see her clearly at that moment. It was as if my answer had been ice cold water thrown on top of the two of us. She stumbled backward out of my arms and after a few seconds slapped me across the face with her hand, while calling me a few colorful names along with it. She turned and ran out of the club and I was way too confused to follow her. I didn't know what I could possibly say to her that would make what I did forgivable to either one of us. I felt like scum, a dirt bag, and a fraud most of all. I didn't understand that last feeling that night, as I stumbled home to my house and collapsed on my bed to fall asleep. My last thought was that tonight I had made the biggest mistake of my life.

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So, here I am a week later and just as confused as ever. I can't believe that I almost had *sex* with Andie. I guess it could have been the alcohol doing most of my actions that night, but the fact that I slipped up on Andie's name and called her Joey was more than just the alcohol talking. I was actually speaking the truth because despite the hurt and pain that Joey had caused me, I wanted to have her that night and I wanted to pretend that she was Andie because she was the one there at the time who wanted me. I had always thought that Joey would be the one I would make love to for the first time and I've held on to that fantasy for so long that it is now embedded into my brain. Pacey and all the guys always wondered why I never had sex with Eve or some of the other girls that I had the chance to "score" with. It wasn't because I didn't think about it or even want it at some point, it was because I wanted something more than meaningless sex. I want to make love with my true love, my soul mate. That may sound stupid to some people, but it is important to me. I have believed for so long that Joey was that person and I'm willing to wait as long as it takes for her to be my first one. This whole time that I was dating Andie, that I was working nonstop, and thinking that I was getting past Joey was all a lie in the end. I wasn't getting past her; I was just burying her in hopes that I could make the pain pass. In all honesty though, it didn't pass, it only manifested itself into so much more than that.

Once I came to the realization that I couldn't be with Andie and that I still loved Joey so much; I went and talked to her. She was more understanding that I thought she would be about the whole thing. I was afraid she was going to slap me again, but I guess she had had some time to think about everything and knew that the two of us just weren't going to work out. The fact is that once we sat down and talked, she explained that she was missing Pacey more than she thought. The two of us didn't set out to hurt each other intentionally, but we wanted something to have for ourselves, to hang on to and enjoy and for this summer, that was the idea of the two of

us together in a relationship. It's difficult to date someone else, when you still are in love with another and she knew, probably knew all along, that I still loved Joey and it wasn't going to go away. I just never realized that she might have been missing and loving Pacey just as much. So, in the end we both used each other and we got burned. I believe that we can still be friends, but I know we are going to have that awkward period that comes when you break up with someone that you do in some form still care for very much. Maybe this whole experience was for the best. I mean, Andie and I had some good times, our friendship developed more strongly, and we each learned more about ourselves, almost as if it was a lesson of life that we learned together.

I know that soon enough, Joey is going to be coming back to Capeside. I don't know when, but it has to be before school, which is starting in a few weeks. I walk down the streets and I catch myself looking for her, even though I know she isn't there. Everyone around me is trying not to mention her name in my presence. It's just like right after she left Capeside with Pacey. This time is different though, because I don't hurt as much. I've come to accept the fact that just because a person may love another, it doesn't mean that you stop loving them. I don't care whether that sounds optimistic or not, because it's the truth in every sense of the word. I'm going to wait for her, no matter how long it takes for her to come back to me. I guess if she doesn't come back to me—well, I haven't thought that far ahead, but I have to believe that someday and at some time we *will* be together again. I can't believe anything less than that. And while, many things in this world change constantly and things with Joey and I will no doubt get more and more confusing, I still love her, so I guess—some things never change.

End
file.